

*Hot.* That Roan shal be my throne. Well, I wil back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

*Lady.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith I know your butines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you

*Hot.* So far a foot, I shal be weary, loue.

*La.* Com, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you triffer, loue; I louethee not. I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeed? Wel doe not then? for since you loue me not, I will nor loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me? Whither I go: nor reason were about, Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecie, No Lady closer, for I will belecue, Thou wilt not vter what thou doest not know. And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate* Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forward, to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?

*La.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Prince.* *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poynes.* Where hast beene *Hall*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the very base string of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leath of Drawers and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king of *Curtisie*, & tell me flatly, I am not proud Iacke like *Falstaffe*; bura *Corinthian*, alad of mettall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they cal me) and when I am king of *England*, I shall command al the good lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; & when you breath in your wat'ing, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language during my life. I will tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then 8. shillings & 6. pence, & *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon sir, skore a pint of Bastard in the Halfe moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, & do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a present.*

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Fran.* *Anon, anon sir, looke down into the Pomgranet, Rasse.*

D 2

*Prince.*